

You Know My Name

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/6656407) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/6656407>.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	M/M
Fandoms:	Casino Royale (2006) , Tempo (2003) , James Bond (Craig Movies) , Hannibal Extended Universe - Fandom
Relationship:	Le Chiffre/Jack Ganzer
Characters:	Le Chiffre , Jack Ganzer , Valenka , Leo , James Bond , Mr. White (James Bond) , Felix Leiter
Additional Tags:	Another Hannibal/Madancy pairing! , Paris (City) , small time crook , Criminal Masterminds , Bond villain , Masturbation , Fantasizing , Masturbation in Shower , Blow Jobs , getting kinda fluffy , Le Chiffre is a condescending shit who thinks petty criminal Jack is adorkable , Jack isn't taking any of Le Chiffre's shit , Anal Fingering , Anal Sex , Alternate Universe - Canon Divergence , Semi-Public Sex , Big Decisions , Fluff and Angst , I am unable to not redeem bad guys , Sorry Not Sorry , TW - mention of terrorism , canon divergence for both Tempo and Casino Royale , Valenka is bodyguard and beard , Eventual Happy Ending , This pairing needs a name , I think it will be - , Chiffack , Hannibal Extended Universe
Language:	English
Series:	Part 13 of Tiger's Mads x Hugh Rare Pair fics
Stats:	Published: 2016-04-25 Completed: 2016-05-07 Words: 21,158 Chapters: 8/8

You Know My Name

by [TigerPrawn](#)

Summary

Jack meets an interesting, and clearly dangerous, man at a news stand...

Notes

I should be working on Beautiful William but...

I have just finished watching Tempo.... It is not a great movie, but! BUT! BUTTS!!!
HUGH'S BUTT IN THE SHOWER!! *ahem*

I spent pretty much the whole movie developing a head canon of small time crook Jack ending up with Bond villain Le Chiffre! Because of course. So... here is a new fic - it's going to run the course of Tempo for the most part (will eventually diverge from the plot) and then move on to encompass Casino Royale.

chiffack you know my name

Paris - Day One

Jack couldn't help but overhear the commotion as he stood at the newsstand. He had been looking for a culinary magazine they sometimes carried, but the heated argument in French too fast for him to follow drew his attention. A man in a neat, dark suit, was yelling at the vendor - something about money - that much he could tell. It wasn't until it looked like the man was about to reach across and grab the vendor, who now looked scared, that Jack stepped in - an impulse without thinking. The sort of thing that often got him in trouble.

"Woah, hey buddy!" He put himself in front of the dark suited man, his hand pressed on his shoulder to hold him back. He knew immediately it wasn't a good idea, the man's steely gaze falling on him. He could see now the scar running through a glassy eye. Time had slowed for a moment as they both regarded each other. Jack's heart in his throat - a sudden fear and... something else. Either way his pulse was racing.

Finally the man spoke. "What are you looking at?" He growled, and then spat out "Fucking American!" He shrugged off Jack's hand, inspected and then brushed down the cloth of his suit where his hand had been.

They both turned when they heard a door slam, seeing that the vendor had made a run for it out the back of the stand. Looking down the street they could see him running. The man in front of Jack looked back at him with a dangerous sneer - pushing him hard against the stand and pinning him there.

"That man owes me money. Perhaps you can pay for him as you seem so concerned."

Jack held up his hands.

"I'm sorry..." He started. The man before him huffed and released him.

"Next time, I suggest you mind your own business. No one likes do-gooders stepping in... I've seen angels fall from blinding heights, but you yourself are nothing so divine." Another sneer. The man shoved Jack aside and strode off to a waiting car that peeled away as soon as he was inside.

"That was intense." Jack muttered. He found he was trembling. He had the overwhelming feeling he had just avoided something incredibly dangerous. It was a rush and he was pretty sure he wanted to experience it again.

Paris - Day One (Afternoon)

Chapter Summary

Another chance meeting with Le Chiffre - ending with Jack jerking off, because Le Chiffre is just too yum!

Chapter Notes

I'm going to apologise right now for the characterisations! I've tried to curb myself, but it is too easy to slip from Le Chiffre into Hannibal. I'm trying to stay on top of it, but apologies if that's how it comes across. As for Jack! If you've seen the movie, you'll know what a mess it is and how two dimensional the characters are (often just a collection of tropes) so it is really hard to find the right voice for Jack and I feel like I'm filling in gaps with him. Will try and rewatch the movie before the next chapter and see if that helps :D

Two hours later and Jack found himself passing the same vendor on the way back from running errands. His mind jumped to the morning and the man he had met - his words stuck with him. The lyrical quality of them, especially in that gravelled accented voice. Not French, he could tell, something more Eastern European. The man's face was in his mind. He wanted to ask how he had come by the scar.

Jack automatically started into the cafe across from the newsstand to grab his usual coffee, mind still elsewhere until the face in his thoughts was suddenly in front of him.

"Shit, fuck!" Jack jumped back with a yelp as hot coffee spilled down his front - not hot enough to scald but enough to shock. The man holding it, who he had just walked straight into in the doorway, first looking aggravated and then wholly too amused.

"Perhaps this is karma." The man laughed, but there was an icy edge to his voice. "I would not have had to return to the vendor, and I would not have stopped for a coffee if not for you. You wear it well." He placed the now almost empty takeaway cup on one of the outside tables and ran a finger down Jack's sodden chest.

His heart all but stopped.

"I, uh... sorry. Again." Jack smiled sheepishly.

The man, so annoyed in the morning, returned the smile - his amusement clear. Jack was pretty sure he was being laughed at but he found he didn't really mind. In fact, given the difference in attitude from earlier, and the warm feeling in his lower belly that this clearly dangerous man inspired, he wondered what he had to lose -

"There's a better coffee place by the market. More expensive, I only go there as a treat, but I could, uh, buy you a coffee? To apologise..." The end of the sentence didn't sound as confident as when he had begun. But who could blame him with this enigmatically attractive man standing in front of him?

The proposal earned him a wider grin of greater amusement, teeth almost fang-like, now showing.

"Ok, American boy, buy me a coffee."

Jack turned and started to walk, the man falling into stride beside him - on Jack's left so that the scarred eye was not visible to him side on. Silence for a minute, though Jack's stolen glances showed that this was also amusing to him.

"Jack." He told the man as they walked, he thought to offer his hand to shake and then decided against it. He was met with a curt nod and then silence. This wasn't exactly going well.

"You're not French..." Jack observed. Met with more amusement and the distinct feeling he was indeed being laughed at. He was usually so good at this - smooth some might say - but this was embarrassing.

"Observant." Was the only reply he received for a moment. And then the man looked him over and obviously decided to cut him a break. "Albania, originally."

"Oh... I've never been..." What a fucking stupid thing to say.

Another lopsided grin from the man. Jack was almost relieved when they reached the coffee shop. The silence continued, as did the man's amusement, as Jack bought their coffees and headed back out onto the street.

"Ok, well. I guess we're even now." Jack said, figuring this was pretty much a waste of time and of money - the coffee costing what equated to a small fortune for him. Jack thought it best to just leave it at that, but the man finally spoke before he could walk away.

"And where will you go now?" He asked, taking a sip of the coffee and seeming apparently pleased with it.

"I was just going to look around the market." Jack indicated the food stalls ahead of them. "Fondle some vegetables." He joked.

Another quirk of the lips from the man. "I will join you, Jack." He smiled and then held out his free hand to shake. "Le Chiffre."

“Monsieur Le Chiffre...” He thought over the name, unusual. Not Albanian, surely. Didn’t it mean ‘number’ or something? His French wasn’t the best, but he had enough to get by as well as some random words here and there that he was sure would never come up in conversation. He had learned most of the French from audio lessons and was pretty sure he was never going to need to know the French for goat was chèvre.

“Mr Number...” Jack added almost thoughtfully. The amusement on the man’s face disappeared for a moment, replaced for a split second by a hard look - narrowing eyes. His features became neutral as he turned to Jack.

“And what is it you do Jack? Something that requires the fondling of produce?” His voice was smooth and cool - Jack hid the shiver it sent through him.

“I’m in the transport business.” Jack replied, it was the best way to describe his money making - which was primarily made up of stealing cars for resale, and transporting valuables with and for his girlfriend Sarah.

Fuck, Sarah!

He’d managed to forget about her the entire day and struggled to be upset about it. Sarah was great, in some ways he loved her, but in that way where there were no other options - where you just fell into something and it had just carried on and on. It wasn’t bad, it just was.

But this? There was a spark. He wasn’t sure whether it was one-sided, but for him there was definitely a feeling of attraction, almost violent in its want. The man exuded cool charm, the air of danger and violence about him making it all the more enticing.

“And you?” Jack finally asked, bringing himself back to the here and now.

“Finance.” Le Chiffre answered in short. “You transport produce?” He added and Jack realised he hadn’t quite been clear.

He smiled. “No, I’m... I want to open a restaurant. It’s sort of a passion. I found a place but it needs work, money... anyways... I like to just come and check out the market, imagine the menu.” He felt silly saying it, sharing his dream when it felt just that - a far off and possibly unachievable dream.

“I see, then I might consider you an expert. Show me the best way to fondle the produce.” A wolfish grin caught Jack completely off guard and he hoped he wasn’t blushing as hard as he felt he was.

They had walked around for another hour or so, ending up carrying their empty coffee cups with them as though discarding them meant the end of the interlude. Jack found himself laughing at the dry humour and slight innuendos of the man, and was surprised to see smiles returned. Seemingly laughing with him rather than at him now as they made ridiculous jokes about the shape of fruit. Then they were back outside the coffee shop, Le Chiffre setting his empty cup on an al fresco table.

“I’d... um, I’d like to see you again if you...” Jack hesitated, suddenly feeling stupid. The amused look back on the man’s face as he seemed to be daring Jack to continue. Jack set down his cup but not his napkin. He looked around and snatched a pen from a passing waitress and scrawled out his number. He handed back the pen and then handed over the napkin. “If you want to call me sometime.” He told Le Chiffre.

If anything the man seemed surprised, as though he hadn’t thought Jack had the nerve. Whilst he still looked a little bewildered Jack smiled and walked off. Always best to leave on a high.

When he got home Sarah wasn’t there. Probably for the best - right now all he could think of was Le Chiffre. It made his skin shiver - the frosty calm of the man, the animalistic grin, the air of danger.

Fuck! Jack was getting hard just thinking about the man. He stripped off and jumped in the shower. What was he going to say to Sarah? Was he going to say anything? The whole thing was meaningless. Sure, he’d ended up giving the guy his number but that didn’t mean anything really. Not unless he called, then he could worry about it.

Jack sighed as he turned on the shower to a cool temperature - at the least to wash away the grime and heat of Paris, but maybe also to cool himself down.

It didn’t work. If anything, the water spraying over his almost erect cock brought him to full hardness almost immediately. Fuck it!

He started shampooing his hair - trying for a distraction - but regardless he thought about Le Chiffre’s hands, grasped around his cup. He imagined those fingers around his cock instead. Jack moved his own hand to his now completely hard cock - a slow stroke. His mind was filled with thoughts of the Albanian - that grin, those eyes - beautiful, if anything a beauty enhanced by the scar. Jack wondered how he got it, the thought quickly chased with thoughts of him touching it lightly. Then of Le Chiffre touching him.

Giving in completely, Jack soaped up his hand and set it again to his cock. He closed his eyes, head bowed forward, as he imagined Le Chiffre in the shower behind him, pressed up to him. He imagine Le Chiffre fucking into him hard and rough as his hand encircled Jack’s cock and thrust in time. He stroked his cock faster and faster, unable to take his time over it as he might have, the image of being fucked by Le Chiffre too enticing to allow it.

He bit his lip as he came, grunting to stifle the cry in his chest. His skin buzzing. He leaned forward and panted, trying to get his breath back and not breath in the water. That would do for now. Out of his system, back to his life.

Jack turned the faucet and grabbed a towel while the water went from a stream to a drip. As it went off Jack could hear his phone ringing.

Paris - Day One (Evening):

Chapter Summary

An impromptu date, of sorts...

Chapter Notes

Still struggling a little with Jack as he's so 2D in the movie... so I'm filling in the gaps with him being sassy!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Jack waited, nervous. Excited but nervous. He was kicking the pavement outside Arcand's waiting. He had suggested a pick up from outside the jewellery store as it was just around the corner from where he lived. He was sure Sarah wouldn't be back but it felt like tempting fate to be picked up for a date from the front door.

If this was a date?

A sleek black car pulled up and after a moment the man stepped out. If he had looked immaculate during the day, he now looked divine. A black suit, dark brown shirt and a black satin tie that caught the street lights.

"Sorry for the short notice." The man smirked. Jack realised that he wasn't really dressed for... for whatever this was. Jeans and blue shirt, leather jacket - wasn't exactly the same calibre.

"I can get changed..." He started, but Le Chiffre waved the thought away with his hand.

"Nonsense. I take you as you are." Another smirk. Jack felt a twinge in his crotch and wondered how long he could be around the man without getting completely and embarrassingly hard. It had been a while since he had this sort of passionate reaction to anyone - sorry Sarah - and it was as addictive as it was overwhelming.

"Please, get in." A smile with the invitation and Jack did just that, sliding into the passenger side as Le Chiffre got back in his side. "It was too late to make any good reservations, I know a few places, unless you have any preferences?"

Jack was pretty sure from the commanding tone and the accompanying look - again almost a dare - that Le Chiffre wasn't really asking but was expecting him to defer the decision back

again.

“I do know a place...” Jack started. Am I really going to do this? He swallowed and continued. “It’s outside the city, I can direct you...”

Le Chiffre gave that lopsided grin he’d seen before. Not surprised, not impressed, no - amused again. Jack wasn’t entirely sure whether or not he was being laughed at. Again.

He gave the directions, and they talked as they went.

“You said you work in transport? What does that involve?” Le Chiffre’s tone was not especially inquisitive, but not quite teasing. Even so Jack felt like the man had a good feel for what he had meant by transport, just as he knew from Le Chiffre’s vague ‘finance’, it was less than above board. From his interaction with the vendor his first thought had run to protection racket - but the car, the suits - this guy had serious money beyond a common thug. Dangerously intriguing.

“A lot of driving, different jobs for different people.” Jack decided to go with more vaguery, allowing a teasing note in his voice. He looked side on at Le Chiffre - another grin, this time not as lopsided.

“Are you bad? Yes, you are. I can tell.” Outright teasing now from the Albanian.

They both laughed.

It had been a straight drive most of the way, Jack only needed to direct the last bit, finally pulling up to the derelict restaurant.

Le Chiffre’s look was still amused, if a little put upon when he turned to Jack. “An interesting choice. It looks like we might have to wait a while for service, or did we miss it? I’m not sure which way round it would be.”

Jack just grinned and got out of the car, hearing the other door open and close behind him, the crunch of a second pair of shoes on the gravel as he was followed. Jack lead the way around the side of the building.

“Shall I assume you don’t live here.”

“Not yet.” Jack grinned.

“Do you have keys.”

“In a manner of speaking.” Jack took out his kit and started to pick the lock - quickly and expertly. He stole a look at Le Chiffre who looked both amused and delighted, and this time Jack was sure he wasn’t being laughed at.

“You own this place?” Le Chiffre was mocking now, but it wasn’t cruel.

“I’m gonna.” Jack told him, deadly serious. This was not something he would joke about. He let them both in and allowed a look around the room - tables and chairs scattered around,

stacked in places. Some other furniture - a sofa here and there. "It used to be a farm, it's like 300 years old. In this room alone I can seat forty, fifty people. This place would run itself. All I need is... a sales pitch."

"So sell it to me." Le Chiffre replied, smiling as he leaned back against a table.

"Best of French meets best of American." Jack enthused.

Le Chiffre laughed then, deeply. Greatly amused and mocking. "The problem you might have there is that there is no best of American. You American's don't have what you might call a cuisine." Another laugh.

Jack frowned. He wasn't sure what reaction he was expecting, but that wasn't it. He thought he had a great idea, he knew he had the passion. Everything he'd been doing - stealing, working with Sarah - had all been working towards this. To get money for this.

"I..." He stuttered and then stopped.

Another chuckle from Le Chiffre. "Is that why you brought me here? To ask for an investment? That is terribly rude. I thought we were going to go to dinner but you are just looking for money. Are you a rent boy?" He seemed entirely amused by the whole thing.

Jack felt his cheeks burn in equal parts anger and embarrassment. "No... No, I..." He suddenly felt out of his depth. He was in the middle of nowhere with a man he'd only just met, who was clearly dangerous and now potentially pissed off with him, or amused with him - he couldn't tell which. Add to that his own feelings on the reaction to the restaurant idea and it was all a bit much. "That wasn't my intention, no... I... Maybe we should just go. Or I can call a cab to come get me." He sighed. Why had he brought the guy here? "This place means a lot to me, I just... I wanted to share it." Fucking dumb! Why did he say that? As true as it might be. And how fucked up was that?

The chuckling died down and Le Chiffre's look gentled a little. "I'm sorry. I didn't mean to offend you." He didn't seem surprised or weirded out by Jack wanting to share something personal with a man he'd met earlier in the day. And then there was silence. They looked at each other, trying to get the measure perhaps.

The silence was only broken by Le Chiffre's sudden coughing. He pulled out an inhaler and put it to his mouth.

"Dust." The Albanian explained.

"Oh, ok. Come through to the kitchen, it should be better in there."

It was and the conversation seemed to restart, the almost disagreement forgotten. Jack explained more about the restaurant, the stove, realising how animated he was getting once Le Chiffre smiled, almost indulgently.

"And you came to Paris for this?" Le Chiffre seemed genuinely curious now.

“No.” Jack let out a laugh. “No, I came to deliver a car...” He was going to tell his usual story - delivering a car for a collector in Paris, glossing over the specifics - but Le Chiffre struck him as someone not to lie to. “There was a car someone was willing to pay a lot of money for, I knew where I could steal one. I delivered it to Paris and then... I guess I just stayed...” He decided in a split second not to mention moving in with Sarah once he got here.

“You are a bad boy.” Le Chiffre practically growled the words and stalked forward, closing the few steps between them. “I’m starting to suspect that you wanted to come here so we could be alone.” A wide grin as he backed Jack into the prep table and put his hands either side, flat on the table - caging the boy in.

Was that what he had wanted? Maybe that was part of it. Was this what he wanted? His instantly erect cock answered that for him as Le Chiffre pressed their bodies together.

“No... I just, I wanted to show you this place...” Jack started. “But, yes, I like being alone with you...” He moved his hand to palm Le Chiffre’s cock.

Jack enjoyed the surprised look on Le Chiffre’s face - he definitely hadn’t expected Jack to be so forward. Perhaps he’d even hoped to intimidate him. Jack was pleased though when Le Chiffre’s expression changed to an appreciative amusement - whether he’d expected it or not, he liked Jack’s forwardness.

They were both openly grinning at each other when Le Chiffre leaned in and captured Jack’s bottom lip in his teeth, before taking his mouth completely, tongue exploring. Jack groaned into the kiss and moved both his hands to Le Chiffre’s belt - making quick work of the buckle, the button, the zipper - and slipping his hand into the man’s underwear. Le Chiffre made a sound - half gasp and half grunt - as Jack took hold of him. Jack pushed off from the countertop and tried to turn them - resistance from Le Chiffre at first, but another stroke and he was putty.

Jack turned them so that Le Chiffre was against the counter. He gave the man’s cock another couple of tugs, nipped at his lips, before dropping to his knees.

In truth, Jack had imagined several times since his earlier shower, being fucked by Le Chiffre. He was pretty much convinced of the guy’s need to be in control and found that quite a turn on. But now, in the moment, feeling his reaction to being jerked off - the power it gave Jack over him, well he wanted to make Le Chiffre tremble. He wanted to be remembered.

Jack pulled down Le Chiffre’s dress pants to the top of his thighs, and took his cock into his mouth before there could be any protest. He took him all the way to the back of his throat before drawing off again with a slow suck. He ran his tongue up the underside of the shaft, over the head and tonguing at the leaking slit whilst Le Chiffre tried to hold himself still - but not quite managing it.

Jack grabbed Le Chiffre’s hips as he took him in once more, hollowing his cheeks as he steadily increased his speed. Finally taking one hand from his hips, he pulled back - concentrated his sucking on the head as he pumped him with his fist.

He grinned around the cock as Le Chiffre came apart - swearing a litany of curse words, first in English then foreign words Jack didn't know. Le Chiffre's hands shot forward, gripping Jack's curls as he came - a slightly strangled noise leaving his throat.

They would likely have been able to go to dinner somewhere but time got away from them. They had moved first to a dusty old sofa - Le Chiffre requiring his inhaler again - so they moved outside, an area once used for al fresco dining. As soon as Le Chiffre sat, Jack moved into his lap. Kissing him and touching him as the air cooled around them.

In the end it was the early hours of the morning when Le Chiffre pulled up outside Jack's apartment to drop him off.

Jack wasn't really sure what this was. He was happy to take what he could get of it though. He couldn't help but find the man interesting, find his own interests beyond just the physical and yet it felt like he had barely scratched the surface. This was not like what he had with Sarah, this he could see going somewhere - he just wasn't sure if it was going to. Maybe this guy - Mr Number - got what he wanted from the evening, and Jack felt stupid for being so easy.

Le Chiffre stopped the engine and looked over at him.

"Are you involved with anyone?" He asked, suddenly.

Jack, caught off guard replied immediately with a lie "No..." He wasn't even sure he felt guilty. He knew Sarah loved him, and he loved her in a way but it wasn't anything that was ever going to be permanent, she must know that?

Le Chiffre smiled and leaned over, a hand up to cup Jack's face and bring their lips together. Another heated kiss that had Jack wanting to crawl back into the man's lap, but Le Chiffre pulled back - a grin of amusement at the reaction he clearly had in Jack. "Good." He growled. "I'm only in the city for a few days, business... Would you like to meet for lunch tomorrow?"

"For actual food?" Jack asked with a teasing grin that earned him a chuckle and another kiss, this time a little more languid. Between that and the lunch invitation Jack wanted to think of it as more than a quick suck and fuck, but then if it was just a business trip... "Ok, I can meet you outside Arcand's at midday?"

A nod of agreement with no argument or negotiation over time and place. Promising? But then, what did Jack want? Where did he want this to go? Sarah had been good to him, didn't he owe her? But was owing someone something a reason not to... what? Jack had come to Paris on a whim and stayed. He liked the place well enough, but he could leave on a whim if he wanted to. Would he, though? He got out of the car and looked back in at Le Chiffre before closing the door -

"What... I mean, uh, what can I call you?"

A wolfish grin. "Le Chiffre."

“That’s not a name.”

“It’s my name.”

“Ok.” Smiles between them then and Jack let out a short laugh. “I’ll see you tomorrow Mr Number!” He closed the door.

The apartment was still empty. Sarah was probably going to be gone the whole weekend then. He hadn’t realised she was on a job, but it happened sometimes. The answering machine was flashing - he pressed the button and heard a message meant for Sarah - asking if she was enjoying sucking and fucking in Majorca. Jack didn’t quite understand it, but wondered if that’s where she was, what she was doing - she hadn’t said. He found that he didn’t really care, and thought that should worry him. But it didn’t.

Chapter End Notes

NB: Cars! In Tempo Jack is a big fan of cars, I am not. So really I think he would have known loads all about Le Chiffre's fancy car but I do not (I tried to find out what car LC had in Casino Royale but no luck and I didn't want to just make it up with no background on cars myself). As such, the fact that Jack doesn't take more note of LC's car may seem a little OOC... Sorry.

Paris - Day Two

Chapter Summary

Jack and Le Chiffre finally (almost) have dinner...

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Jack arrived at the store early and decided to go in and look around rather than waiting outside like an idiot. He saw Le Chiffre through the window and stilled when the man saw him - a lopsided grin as he headed into the jewellery shop before Jack could join him outside.

The young shop assistant was on him immediately. "Looking for a gift for your wife or girlfriend?" Le Chiffre moved to Jack and slipped a hand around his waist before acknowledging the girl. She smiled and continued. "Or perhaps you've met someone new." The shop girl looked at Jack with a barely hidden grin.

Le Chiffre politely waved her away and looked over Jack's shoulder at the cufflinks he had been looking at. "You want me to buy these for you?"

Jack laughed. "Of course not." He turned and Le Chiffre's hands slipped to his hips, casual and intimate. He found himself a little breathless from it, but didn't want to move away. "You still think I'm just interested in money." A statement not a question.

Le Chiffre looked him over with a grin. "No, I don't think so. I think you've found other things more enticing about me."

Jack laughed hard, ducking his head to the man's shoulder. "My god you're so full of yourself... but not wrong."

"I'm glad of that. Because I'm afraid I don't have time for lunch. I wanted to come let you know and perhaps steal a kiss to keep me going." He leaned in and kissed Jack, who had to bite back the moan he wanted to exhale. He was suddenly very aware the staff and few customers in the shop were now watching them. Le Chiffre drew back, apparently amused by the look on Jack's face. He brushed a curl back from his head.

"What about tonight? If you're not doing anything, you could come over - I'll cook." Jack said, even as he was still attempting to catch his breath, whilst trying not to seem like that was the case.

He was hoping he didn't come across as too desperate, but the truth was between masturbating in the shower and sucking the guy's dick - he was pretty much in desperate need of being fucked. Even more so now that this meeting was going to be cut short.

“Yes, that would be lovely. Thank you.” Le Chiffre seemed to be on his best behaviour in public, which amused Jack no end, no teasing or snarky remarks. “And to apologise for lunch, I insist...” he signalled the shop girl back over and spoke to her quickly in French.

She looked bewildered and Jack interjected - “She’s American.” He waited for Le Chiffre to say something - even having known him a day that he indeed wanted to say something cutting and cruel, and Jack wasn’t sure if he would have truly meant it. He was sure it was for his sake more than the girl’s that Le Chiffre kept the words in through a clenched jaw.

“I see.” He finally managed and then repeated the instructions in English - to wrap and ring up the cufflinks Jack had been admiring.

“You can’t... I don’t...”

His protests were met with a smile and a cupped cheek, Le Chiffre’s thumb rubbing over his light stubble.

“As I said, I insist... for having to cancel.”

Jack grinned and nodded his begrudging acceptance - was it really that begrudging? Without thinking he mused with a smile “Geez, if this is for a cancelled lunch, imagine what you would buy me if you jilted me at the altar.” He let out a light laugh that wasn’t returned and then suddenly realised what an idiot he sounded. His heart was in his throat as he looked to Le Chiffre for a reaction.

The Albanian looked incredibly serious, replying in a low tone “I cannot imagine that scenario every taking place. I am sure I couldn’t jilt you.” A moment passed between them in which Le Chiffre suddenly looked awkward and then covered it quickly with a charming grin. “But I am sure it would have to be something quite spectacular.”

The girl wrapped and boxed the gift, Le Chiffre paid and they left together. Once on the street Le Chiffre handed Jack the box inside a small gift bag.

“A token.” He said with a smile and Jack realised the man was just as used to giving gifts as a sign of affection as Jack was in receiving them. He wasn’t sure how he felt about that.

Le Chiffre slipped a hand into the small of Jack’s back and pulled him close, his lips meeting Jack’s neck then throat before finally moving to his lips. “I’m sure they will suit you well.”

“Is this a good time to mention I don’t own a shirt that needs cufflinks?” Jack laughed, not even trying to hide how breathless he was now, nor how aroused. Le Chiffre just laughed in return and released him, not looking back as he returned to his car.

After the jewellers, Jack had gone to the market, spending money he couldn’t really spare on ingredients for the meal. He figured if Le Chiffre was going to be in his life for a few days he could afford to spend some money in the hopes of being at least a little kept by the man in return. Worst case scenario he could sell the cufflinks as soon as Le Chiffre was out of the picture. Reasonable, rational, something he’d done before on occasion. He was used to being

kept by sugar daddies and sugar mamas. And yet he found the idea left a sour taste in his mouth - the idea of Le Chiffre moving on without him.

He tried to put it out of his mind as he cooked. He had thought about cooking something that he'd thought once of serving at the restaurant - American meets French. But after Le Chiffre's reaction he thought better of it. He cooked the best meal he knew how to cook - a simple but mind blowing squid ink linguine.

Jack was pretty happy with how the food turned out. He scrubbed up as nice as possible and put on a nice shirt with his jeans - his wardrobe and options therein being pretty limited. He looked at the cufflinks a couple of times - silver squares with tiny dark gem stones inlaid - wishing he had a shirt he could wear them with.

He set the table and started to plate the food, leaving the front door ajar, and smiling when Le Chiffre arrived and let himself in. Jack went to him immediately with a smile, then hesitated for a moment. What was expected? Le Chiffre handed him a bottle of wine he had brought, and then answered Jack's thoughts by leaning in for a kiss. Jack marvelled at how easy this was - fast, but very easy. Was this just something casual, as Jack had assumed, or more?

When they broke apart he lead the way through his apartment - no, Sarah's apartment.

"Nice curtains." Le Chiffre commented with a grin and Jack was yet again unsure if he was teasing or not.

But they were nice curtains so he had to believe he actually meant it. Even so he was cautious when he replied - "I can't take credit for that, I have a roommate."

"A girl?"

"Yes" Jack replied, maybe a little too quickly in order to avoid hesitation, he inwardly winced.

"I could tell, there is a feminine energy." Le Chiffre grinned and gave Jack a look up and down as though to indicate that he found nothing at all feminine about him and he was ok with that.

"She took me in when I arrived and hasn't managed to get rid of me." Jack quipped, hoping to say that little and no more - he really didn't want to discuss Sarah at all. A subject that might kill this dead and also somehow felt disrespectful towards Sarah - which was ridiculous considering he'd already sucked the man's dick.

They ended the short tour at the dining room table, where Le Chiffre took in the food with an appreciative eye.

"I was expecting burgers or some sort of southern barbeque dish." He grinned at Jack.

"I considered cooking just that, as payback for standing me up for lunch." Jack teased

Le Chiffre didn't sit as Jack opened the wine and poured two glasses. Rather he stood next to the table and took up a fork of the linguine and ate - setting the empty fork back down as Jack

put the wine glasses on the table.

“This is delicious, but there is something else I’d rather taste.” Le Chiffre pulled Jack over to him and started to unbutton his shirt. “Would it be terribly rude if we didn’t eat dinner. I know you have gone to so much trouble...” Jack’s shirt was now fully open and Le Chiffre ran his hands up over his lithe, hairless chest.

Jack couldn’t be offended if he wanted to be, as distracted as he was, despite the fact that he was sure on some level Le Chiffre wanted him to be offended - was seeing how far he could be pushed. Which turned out to be quite some way when the man’s hands were exploring his skin. They ran over his nipples before heading south, skimming lightly over shivering skin before starting to unbuckle Jack’s belt. Jack was now leaning back against the table, panting with want.

Le Chiffre leaned in, lacing gentle kisses across Jack’s exposed chest. “I thought before how young you look. You look even more so less your clothes. So smooth, you look almost virginal.”

Jack laughed, a breathy thing. “Not quite... and I am almost thirty.” He was a few years off but he had to guess the Albanian was at least ten years older than him so he didn’t want to seem too much the child.

“No, not virginal. You are quite corrupt really, I can tell.” The kisses continued, the belt came undone and Le Chiffre’s hand reached into his underwear and took him in hand, pulling gentle whimpers from Jack. “I have enjoyed corrupting in my past, and yet I find it wholly wonderful that you are already corrupt. It is quite the pleasure... my corrupt little thief.”

If Jack had wanted to protest any of the words - which he really couldn’t - he wouldn’t be able to as his mind had passed into some other place that was just geared towards the pleasure being doled out.

“Hnn... bed... bedroom.” Jack was able to gasp out between strong, perfect strokes.

Le Chiffre gently pulled away, earning another whimper from Jack who sought to remedy the situation by grabbing the man by his belt and starting to pull him into the bedroom, letting go once he knew he was being followed. And only then so that he could remove his clothes - his shirt gone in seconds, his pants as they reached the door to the bedroom. A glance over his shoulder showed Le Chiffre was now shirtless, a hungry look in his eyes that made Jack altogether too excited. Painfully excited.

He turned and grabbed Le Chiffre by the belt again, dragging the man to the bed whilst admiring the wolfish grin that had spread across his face. Jack sat on the bed, pulling Le Chiffre to stand between his legs so he could undo the belt and trousers. He laced kisses across the Albanian’s abdomen as he did so - a little fuzzy, the thicker hair being up on his chest. Jack wished he had more hands so he could run them through the dark chest hair and continue undoing the man’s pants at the same time.

The belt came free, shortly followed by button and fly. Jack paused then and looked up from where his lips had trailed across firm stomach. Before he even had chance to think of what he

was saying, let alone whether he wanted to censor it, he muttered against the skin - "It's obscene how many times I've thought about you fucking me since we met..." eyes still cast upwards, capturing Le Chiffre's gaze.

Le Chiffre chuckled in warm amusement, a look of adoration on his face, Jack was sure. He cupped Jack's face in his hands and kissed him deeply. His hands then dropped to remove the clothes on his lower half, shoes kicked off. Once naked he pushed forward, forcing Jack to move up the bed, allowing Le Chiffre to crawl over him until their naked bodies were pressed together - skin already tacky with sweat and sticking to each other.

"Jack, I think you are entirely too wonderful for your own good." Le Chiffre grinned as he shifted his hips, causing Jack to gasp as their cocks rubbed together with exquisite friction. "You have the kind of mouth that gets a person in trouble." He said as he pressed a kiss to Jack's lips, nipping at them playfully.

"I hope so..." Jack muttered into Le Chiffre's kisses.

Jack wasn't sure who broke off first or how he got to the bedside drawers to pull out condoms and lube, watching Le Chiffre grin all the while. He was certain that it was Le Chiffre who took control then, and Jack was completely happy for him to. He had enjoyed playing with Le Chiffre - seeing how far he could push the man who clearly wanted to be in control. But as fun as that was, he didn't want it to get in the way of being thoroughly fucked by him.

They were both panting when Jack lay back and dragged Le Chiffre between his legs, wrapping them around the man as he kissed him, all the while reaching over for the condom he had put on the bed. When he finally had it in hand he broke the kiss and lowered his legs, moving Le Chiffre back a little so he could roll the condom on him. Grinning at the long groan Le Chiffre let out as he did so. Once completely sheathed he jerked him off a couple of times, just enough to get him on edge, earning him a low growl. Le Chiffre needed no more encouragement, he reached over and grabbed the lube, squeezing some onto his fingers before pushing Jack back down on the bed - not overly rough, but definitely his need to control coming through. Jack just grinned all the more and held his breath in anticipation.

Despite the look in his eyes - Jack was pretty sure he'd never seen anyone look quite as hungry - Le Chiffre was surprisingly gentle in pressing his fingers to Jack, circling, easing with the lube before pushing into him. Jack's breath hitched for a moment and then he let it out in a long moan as he lay back into the pillows at the same time as shifting down the bed, wanting more. Le Chiffre chuckled and put his free hand on Jack's abdomen, holding him still as he slowly worked him open - more fingers added as he went.

Jack was all but writhing in the bed by the time there were three fingers inside him, brushing teasingly against his prostate - causing him to expel little groans that had Le Chiffre grinning wider at each.

"Oh my god. Could you please just fuck me..." The words were almost grunted out, with a mixture of lust and frustration.

Jack had squeezed his eyes shut - jumping a little when cool lube was drizzled over him. The fingers again for a moment, spreading it around and inside. And then they were gone and he

felt Le Chiffre moving. He didn't dare look, his own leaking cock now dangerously close to exploding as it was.

His breath caught in his throat as Le Chiffre finally pushed into him, little by little until he was buried to the hilt and they were still. Jack opened his eyes then, looking at the man above him. Their eyes locked on each other, skin glistening with sweat, breath laboured. Jack's hands went up to grip Le Chiffre's strong shoulders and upper arms when he finally started to move.

"Oh fuck." Jack all but groaned, completely frozen for a moment - savouring the fullness. When he finally came back to himself he hitched his legs up, wrapping them around Le Chiffre and pulling him closer, deeper. The action drew a groan from Le Chiffre who dropped his forehead down to rest on Jack's as he started to make slow, languid thrusts.

Time seemed to slow for a while, and Jack wasn't sure when he'd ever had sex more satisfying than this. The way they connected together perfectly at the hips, the way the angle was sending sparks of pleasure through him - all the while Le Chiffre's lips, tongue, teeth on him.

"Hnnn, fuck!" Jack found himself gasping out expletives and scraping his nails down Le Chiffre's back as he tried to pull the man deeper. "Ha... Harder..." He managed to force out the words. Le Chiffre's chuckle was soft and breathless with the exertion.

They were both gripping onto each other where they could as their bodies moved together - his untouched cock now trapped between them and exposed to exquisite friction. Jack was practically seeing stars, coming completely apart - not that he would have cared to hold together. The pleasure ripping through him he cried out as he came between them, the cum just adding to the slick of sweat. Jack felt his entire body tense with the orgasm - heard Le Chiffre gasp, then groan, and then mutter something foreign as he came too.

They hadn't moved immediately, both breathless and sticky. Eventually their breaths evened out and Le Chiffre slipped from him and rolled onto his back. He seemed to hesitate a moment before pulling Jack to him, holding him.

Jack had no idea of the time, he was only aware of the most immediate things - those being the warmth of Le Chiffre's chest where he currently rested his head, and the light touches of the hand the man was running up and down his back. There was silence for the longest time Jack was only sure Le Chiffre hadn't fallen asleep because his breathing was unchanged.

"What are you thinking about?" Jack asked.

Le Chiffre took in a breath, stretched a little, ran a hand up into Jack's hair.

"That life is very unexpected... in truth, you're not the first person I have taken an interest in and picked up... but I wasn't expecting to be quite so..."

"Enamoured." Jack supplied in a teasing tone. He was making light of it, but if he was honest this had been the best couple of days of his life. He would be sorry for this to be over, perhaps Le Chiffre would be too as his response had been to murmur his agreement.

“Yesterday you said something about me not being divine...”

Le Chiffre chuckled. “Perhaps I was wrong...” words muttered against his temple, hand stroking his back softly.

“I didn’t get what you meant...”

“To mind your own business.” He laughed. “That others have suffered more for less of an intrusion... perhaps I was too poetic in my warning?”

“Pretty sure they’re song lyrics actually...” Jack chuckled and poked Le Chiffre in the ribs, earning him an overly dramatic grunt.

“What are lyrics if not poetry set to music?” The man dismissed.

“I guess...” Jack was laughing now. Le Chiffre was so absurd with his suits and his vague job and that clear air of danger that still hung over him even now. And yet Jack felt enfolded within that danger rather than on the outside of it - safe. “You’re so weird.” Jack laughed again. “In a good way...” he stroked a hand through the hair on the man’s chest.

“Interesting that you would think so. I don’t believe anyone has called me weird before.”

Jack snorted. “Not to your face.” He looked up then to Le Chiffre, studying his eyes as the man looked wholly amused by his frankness. Jack got the distinct impression he was used to having people feel intimidated and this was a refreshing change. Jack’s eyes lingered on his scar for a moment wondering if he should ask about it, but if he were going to ask something personal there was something else more pressing -

“What is your name? I don’t usually sleep with people whose names I don’t know.” A joking tone for the serious question.

Le Chiffre’s face changed for just a moment - annoyance, maybe - strangely - hurt? Even so, there was nothing but silence, Le Chiffre looking away.

“You’re not going to tell me?” Jack tried to keep the edge of exasperation from his tone. “What do I have to do to earn it?” Jack tried teasing, a raised eyebrow and a hand running down the man’s side causing him to shiver. “Does anyone know your name?”

“No one living.” Le Chiffre said, the sadness in the words catching Jack off guard. Wanting to make it better he leaned in and kissed the man, long and slow.

The night passed in a tangle of limbs, sex, kissing, talking, laughing. Jack feeling more and more overwhelmed by this man in his bed. How was he going to let him go when he left town? Did he have to? He was still unsure what this was to Le Chiffre, after all they’d known each other a day! He tried hard not to read anything into the his words or actions.

In the early hours Le Chiffre got up to use the bathroom - in desperate need of a clean-up if nothing else! Jack admired the man’s tight and toned body as he walked naked and grinning from the room.

He heard the flush, water running for quite some time, which made him grin - there was a lot of cum at this point. And then Jack could hear talking... Shit, Sarah!

He raced into the corridor as he pulled some clothes on. Le Chiffre was standing there amused and very naked, he had clearly seen the look on Sarah's face - surprise and hurt - disappointed.

"He told me you were roommates." Le Chiffre said, not even attempting to hide his amusement though his tone wasn't as cruel as his eyes.

"Yeah we are, roommates, sorry." Sarah muttered before heading to her room.

"I can explain..." Jack started as Le Chiffre moved past him back into the room and started putting his clothes back on. He couldn't believe how hard he had fucked this up. But Le Chiffre just looked genuinely amused.

"Perhaps this is something you need to discuss with your roommate." He grinned as he let himself out of the apartment.

Chapter End Notes

The American girl in the jewelry store is the actual love interest from the film, whose character name I cannot remember and so instead of looking it up I will name her *Completely Unimportant To This Story*

The dinner - I have no idea in the movie what Jack cooks for his date, so I just went with something that would straddle the line between pretentious foody and simple-ish. I think. I don't know food. I know cake. Only cake.

Paris - Day Three

Chapter Summary

With Le Chiffre on the verge of leaving town, where do the boys go from here?

Chapter Notes

This is the first chapter completely off-script. There are still plot elements from Tempo but it has mostly diverged now.

Jack had been surprised when Le Chiffre had called the next morning and asked to meet that afternoon for a coffee. He had jumped at the chance to explain himself... though he was not sure he had to, at least not to Le Chiffre.

He was outside their coffee shop waiting. Early. Eager. And wondering what the hell was going on. If this was just a fling whilst the man was in town why should it matter who Sarah was and what was or wasn't between them? But if it was more? And was it more? Jack was still unsure. They hadn't discussed it being more, he assumed Le Chiffre's mention of only being in town a few days would dictate the length of this... whatever this was. Jack had actively tried to ignore everything else than the here and now. Ignoring how much he liked the guy - from his dark sense of humour through to the air of danger that he was yet to fully explore. At least he didn't need to ignore how much he lusted after the man - and that was before they had the most mind blowing sex of his life.

It's a fling, it's a fling, get over it, it's a fling! Not that repeating the words in his head made a difference when all he wanted to do in that moment was apologise for lying, explain about Sarah, hope that it didn't ruin things between them. If there was something between them!

He had just about tied his brain in knots when Le Chiffre appeared in front of him, he hadn't even noticed the man approach.

No touching. Was that telling? Yesterday Le Chiffre had pulled him close in front of a shop full of people, today nothing. Just a smile - confident, amused, almost condescending.

"Shall we get a coffee?" Le Chiffre asked, he looked amused by Jack's bashful silence.

"I didn't know she was going to come back!". Jack blurted out before they had even moved. Shit, that probably wasn't the best thing to lead with!

Le Chiffre laughed and took a seat at one of the al fresco tables and signalled a waiter. The laughter jarred Jack. Surely the man would have been upset rather than amused if there was anything there more than a fling?

“You apologise for her coming home, not for lying about her?” Another dark chuckle. “Shall I ignore the slight? Put it down to your being a bad boy?” Le Chiffre’s tone remained one of amusement. He waved his hand dismissively “I like that you are a bad boy, and I already had realised you were lying to me... I have found much of your bad behaviour endearing... but from now on, in order for this to work, you will be completely honest with me.” The humour died out and his tone and gaze become serious. The glint in his eye quite threatening.

Jack found himself nodding in earnest.

Wait, what? For this to work? What this? Jack hoped he hadn’t misread things, misunderstood what he was saying. But there wasn’t a chance to move on the moment - the waiter arrived at the table and took their order. Once he left there was silence.

“I should have been honest... With both of you.” Jack realised grimly. “When I met you it was just impossible for me to turn around and walk away” he sighed, really letting himself feel bad for the first time over what he was doing to Sarah. “Things with Sarah are... complicated...”

Le Chiffre quietly studied him for a moment, the silence lasting through the arrival of coffee, Le Chiffre taking a sip before continuing.

“She was keeping you wasn’t she?” matter of fact with an edge of amusement.

“When I met her I had nothing, I mean zero and she rented me a room for 25 francs a month, as a friend...”

“So she was just helping you out.”

“Yes, and then one night things happened. It’s not because I chose it, it’s because it happened when I wasn’t thinking about it.”

“Now you can choose.” Another thoughtful pause and a sip of coffee. Le Chiffre lifts his eyes and the look is intense. “Come with me.”

“Why, so you can keep me too?” his tone was jokey but Le Chiffre’s look was serious as he gave a curt nod.

He wanted so much to stay with Le Chiffre, he’d never been so sure of something in so short a time. But he wanted a level footing, he didn’t want what he’d ended up with Sarah - feeling obligated. He cared for her but it was more about the money. She wasn’t the first, but meeting Le Chiffre made him realise he wanted her to be the last. If he went with Le Chiffre as his sugar daddy then that was all there would be between them - obligations. Le Chiffre would pay money and Jack would adore him. Then the day either of them got bored, it would be over. But that would be fine as there’s no real investment emotionally. That was the mistake with Sarah, he’d let her get too close and he didn’t feel as strongly as she did, though he

cared about her. With Le Chiffre he already knew the situation would be different, he was already starting to feel emotionally invested in it. If it ended now then he'd get over it, but if he went with the man he would get closer and then he'd be devastated when it came to an end. When Le Chiffre found someone more interesting to invest in.

"I would very much like that." Le Chiffre smiled gently. Disarming.

"You want me to come with you? I don't even know where..."

"Details! I have a yacht, you can join me on it. We can sail from here, my next appointment is in Germany."

"How do we get from France to Germany by yacht?" Jack asked, letting himself be amused for the moment. Letting himself consider the idea. Not letting himself think about the arrangement it would be - his kept boy, if Jack agreed. Try as he might not to dwell on it, to at the least enjoy Le Chiffre while he was in the city, Jack was unable. His face slowly dropped and he pushed aside his as yet untouched coffee. "I can't..."

"Because of Sarah?" Le Chiffre seemed confused, rightly so - he must know from what Jack had said that he didn't consider it serious with her.

Jack shook his head. "No, I just... I think we want different things from this. Maybe it's best we just walk away now..." Jack stood, took a gulp of the coffee and pushed it away again. He paused for a moment, Le Chiffre looking at him confused. "I... I'm sorry." Jack turned and left before he could change his mind.

He'd walked quickly, only just stopping himself breaking out into a run, and yet he could feel the tightness in his chest as though he had done. His heart was pumping and his eyes were stinging with tears he wasn't going to let fall. He didn't stop until he got to the apartment, closing the door and leaning back against it to catch his breath. He immediately felt a shudder as he heard someone in the apartment. Sarah. How could he face her? He at least owed her that.

Before she could intercept him he went to his room - one decision made. He started to pack his few possessions into the duffel bag he'd brought with him to Paris. He wasn't sure where he was going to go, but he needed to leave, he'd needed to leave for a long time regardless of Le Chiffre, and staying was only hurting Sarah in the long run.

There was a knock on his door and Sarah, puffy faced and red-eyed let herself in. She took in the sight of him packing and looked like she might cry again but managed to hold it together with a nod.

"You're leaving."

"Sarah..."

"With him? With that guy from last night?"

"No. I'm leaving, but not with him. I'm sorry. I... I'm an asshole. What I did was..."

“We never said we were each other’s keepers.” She said, though he could feel she didn’t really mean it. Even so it reminded him of the answerphone message and got his back up.

“And you were off sucking and fucking this weekend?” It wasn’t quite an accusation, he didn’t have the right to accuse her of anything.

“No. I don’t know what... he thought you and I were going to Majorca but I was on a job. And... now...” She started to cry and Jack automatically moved to her and took hold of her whilst she sobbed in his arms. Finally she was able to get out a few words - “I’m in trouble. My cargo was stolen, I can’t get it back unless I pay \$80,000... where can I get that? If I don’t deliver the cargo I’m dead.”

Jack knew the types they sometimes dealt with and took very seriously the wording. She really did mean they would kill her.

“Oh fuck, Sarah.” He held her tight. Of course he cared for her, loved her in some way but he wasn’t in love with her. He wasn’t sure he had ever fallen in love with anyone before a few days ago, he realised. He felt like crying with her, they were both so fucked up. “We could run, go back to the States.”

She shook her head. “I can’t... my... my son is here...”

Son? That came as a shock to Jack but what could he say about any of this now. What right did he have. He pulled Sarah over to the bed and lay down with her, holding on to her as she cried, stroking her hair in comfort. He couldn’t leave her now.

They must have fallen asleep because when he woke up Sarah was gone, noise coming from the kitchen. He walked out and found her making coffee, nodding when she offered one.

“Oh, and that came for you. Hand delivered.” She pointed to a thick envelope on the countertop.

“Hand delivered?” Weird. He picked it up but didn’t open it immediately. “Are you doing ok?” She nodded and smiled weakly. “We’ll find a way out of this.” He reassured. Perhaps he could find a car that might cover it, if they could fence it, which was less certain. Maybe they could rob the jewellery store, he snorted at the ridiculous thought.

He smiled at her, grabbed her hand and squeezed it when she put the coffee in front of him. She returned the smile with tears in her eyes and then excused herself to the bathroom.

Jack sighed and shook his head. They were fucked, and it had to be they and not her alone. He wished he’d decided to take off a day ago, before she returned and this all happened. He would have never known, never looked back. And then he felt even more the asshole for that. He sighed and opened the envelope.

Then his heart stopped. The envelope was stuffed with cash, more than he had ever seen. He pulled out the note folded around the bills.

Jack

I'm disappointed that you don't want to come with me, but I respect your decision.

I would like to thank you for the past few days, for your time.

Next time I am passing through I thought I might like to try out your food as we didn't get the chance last night to finish dinner. So, I have enclosed an investment for you to buy your restaurant. Perhaps you will consider allowing me a free meal and to spend some time with you in return when I am once again in Paris.

J.D. ~ Le Chiffre

Jack threw the envelope across the room, a few of the notes spilling out. He felt like a prostitute, he wanted to return the money, the cufflinks. Shove them down Le Chiffre's throat and tell him he couldn't buy his ass if that's what he thought. He buried his head in crossed arms and heaved his breath in and out as he tried to calm down.

Sarah came back out when she heard the noise. "Jack? Are you ok? What the..." He could hear rustling and then Sarah was next to him. "What is this Jack, there has to be \$100,000 here... what's going on?" Her voice tinged with anxious excitement.

Jack took in a breath and looked up, swallowed his pride, what little he had left. "Take what you need. I earned it."

He went to his room to collect his bag.

*

Jack was sat on the beach soaking up the Spanish sun. Maybe he'd travel some more, maybe he'd go home to America. With twenty grand burning a hole in his pocket, he could do anything. Almost anything. He wouldn't be opening a restaurant any time soon. He wasn't ever likely to have the money to do it anytime in the future - he needed to be realistic about these things. He couldn't regret what he did. Was it really two months ago that he'd left Paris?

It seemed like a lifetime ago - the stolen car, everything with Sarah, the restaurant, three days with a stranger, the money. He'd given Sarah the \$80,000 to get her out of trouble. It was the least he could do and they parted friends.

He felt aimless now, which didn't always feel nice, but it was hard to have direction when your dream had come to an end. Whilst he was in Paris he could still hope for the restaurant. Not anymore. He picked up his book and towel and headed back to the hotel, collecting his keys at the desk.

"You're a hard man to find." The voice behind him sent chills through him.

Off The Spanish Coast - Month Two:

Chapter Summary

Le Chiffre catches up with Jack - they have much to discuss...

Chapter Notes

Possible TW: Mention of terrorism and mention of 9/11 - this is a canonical reference as mentioned in the movie Casino Royale.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“When you said yacht, I wasn’t expecting this.” Jack was still trying to take in his surroundings and the events that had led him here.

He had been travelling Europe for over a month before settling at the sunny beach resort, a place to swim and read and get his head back together. Try and work out what he was going to do with his life. Though he hadn’t been getting very far with it.

When Le Chiffre had turned up at the hotel he was, honestly, scared. He had no idea where he stood with the money, but as it was supposed to be an investment that didn’t happen, there was every chance the man might want it returned. But it wasn’t until he turned and saw Le Chiffre standing in the hotel lobby, grinning at him, that a different fear ran through Jack. A fear that he might never escape this man, and although a large part of him wouldn’t want to, he still didn’t want to just be his kept boy. As much as he wanted to go to the man, he held back.

Le Chiffre had looked happy to see him - maybe just happy he’d managed to track down that \$100,000. He looked for a moment like he might step forward and close the space between them, but then his smile faded and he didn’t move.

He’d told Jack to grab a shirt and re-join him in the lobby - he wanted them to have dinner on his yacht. Just to talk, they had things they needed to sort out. Jack mused that he wouldn’t have told him to get dressed if he was just going to kill him. Hopefully.

He’d realised in the last few weeks that he may have had a lucky escape. He never did get to the bottom of what it was Le Chiffre did. He’d gleamed enough to assume it was criminal and from the man’s clothes and car it was clearly something that paid well. Things that were criminal and paid well were often dangerous. More dangerous than Jack was likely ready for or ok with, despite how much the feeling of danger had turned him on. It was one thing with

no strings attached, but if he'd gone with him - what would have happened when Le Chiffre got bored of him? Would he have dropped him off somewhere or just bumped him off? He really wasn't sure now - so many weeks to overthink and start to doubt even the impressions he made of the man. Time reflecting on the beach, trying to read, swimming, trying to forget, but really just thinking it all through over and over until his brain hurt. With each day that passed he was thinking about it less and less, able to focus on reading, even able to admire the other people on the beach in their bikinis and shorts. But still it consumed more time than he would like, including - frequently - his dreams that left him waking painfully hard.

So fucking ridiculous that I'm still thinking about three days with Le Chiffre and I've hardly even thought about Sarah after all that time with her.

Any hope that he would finally be starting to get over those intense three days that had shaken up his life in more ways than one, went sideways as soon as he'd heard that voice behind him.

A short walk, a small boat and now they were on the yacht. And what a fucking yacht. He knew Le Chiffre lived on it so it had to be sizeable - liveable - but this was a luxury yacht to be sure. There were even staff! They helped them off the small boat, lead them below deck, took instructions from Le Chiffre in a language Jack didn't understand and then they were alone. They ended in a dining room that felt too grand to belong on a boat and yet here it was. It felt like that said something of Le Chiffre.

"Please sit." It was pretty much the only thing, other than a few instructions and enquiries after his health that Le Chiffre had said the whole way over. Jack didn't think to argue but took a seat at the table that could seat eight. A couple of chairs down from the head of the table, which Le Chiffre then took with a smile.

Jack could feel his skin prickling with sweat and wasn't sure if it was the heat or anxiety, maybe even fear. And certainly lust, yes that was still there which didn't help one bit. It didn't help any of these things that Le Chiffre was just sitting there, gazing at him with a completely inscrutable expression.

"I... I can pay back the money... somehow..." was all Jack could think to say.

If anything Le Chiffre looked surprised for a second and then amused. "You think that is what this is about?" There was an amused tone but the words were laced with confusion and Jack had no idea what to read into the situation.

"I didn't invest it in the restaurant..."

"I gathered that when I returned to Paris last month to find the restaurant still derelict. I called at your home and found you had left. Your... housemate..." a grin "was kind enough to tell me you had moved on to the south of France. Evidently you did not stay there long."

"I'm not blowing through the money if that's what you think... I don't have it all anymore..." Jack spoke haltingly with a defensive edge, slightly worried about the implications either way. "I can't get it back, I, uh... I won't get it back. But I can pay it off..."

“Jack... please.” Le Chiffre held up his hand to silence him, any amusement now gone. “I am... not sure what you think that money was for. I mean, why I gave it to you? And I did give it to you, a gift... I don’t want you to pay it back.”

“I thought...” Jack was confused. He could understand the man tracking him down over the not so small matter of essentially running off with \$100,000 and nothing to show for it. But then why would he track him down and not want the money? “If you don’t want the money...” He knew he looked and sounded as confused as he was.

Le Chiffre smiled. A gentle thing - not the cruel grin or even the teasing one - something sweet that Jack had only seen that night in his bed when they had almost had dinner. “I want you Jack... I don’t care about the money - your friend told me what you did with it. I don’t care.” A harder edge to the voice, frustration perhaps.

Jack nodded solemnly. It was unavoidable then, he owed him now -whether he liked it or not he had taken the money. “I guess you own me now.” His throat was dry and the words hurt. But then he felt a laugh rise up inside him and he had to let it out. He chuckled and shook his head. “I knew this was going to happen at some point. I knew it long before I got to Paris - if I kept on stealing and being kept and just generally fucking up, sooner or later I’d end up having to sell my ass.”

“Jack!” The word was spat out, angry. Le Chiffre’s palms were flat on the table but his hands twitching. “I see we have clearly misjudged each other. If you think...” He stood so abruptly his chair crashed over. He turned and stood with his back to Jack, seemingly trying to calm himself.

Jack couldn’t even begin to form words. What the fuck is going on? “I... I don’t-”

“No, you don’t Jack, do you.” Le Chiffre turned and the look on his face made Jack shudder. Anger, frustration... hurt? “I didn’t want to buy you. That was never...” A sigh. He let some of the anger go, though his body was still clearly tense. He moved quickly to stand beside Jack, reaching down a hand to stroke his cheek. “Was that all this was for you? Was I just to be a meal ticket?”

“What? No.” Now Jack was hurt, and not even sure if it was Le Chiffre who had hurt him or his own stupidity. “I thought... You were only in town a few days, and the way we met, how quick it all was... I just...”

“You thought I wanted a rent boy? Don’t you think I could have managed to find a companion without paying?” Frustration, but this time a little amusement too. “I want you Jack. How many times do I need to say it? I know I am not American, but I am sure my language skills are good enough to have made it clear...”

Jack didn’t let him finish. He stood, catching the man’s lips on the way up and devouring them. Le Chiffre’s hands were on him then, and nothing felt so good. Through the thin cotton shirt he felt hands grip his waist, moving slowly down to his hips, dragging his entire body closer.

Jack wanted to talk, wanted to tell him that he had wanted him too. That he was sorry for misunderstanding. That he... what? Thought he might have been falling in love? Was scared to get too close thinking that Le Chiffre only wanted to keep him a while and that was all? But he couldn't pull back from the kiss long enough to do it.

What had started as almost gentle, if passionate, evolved into something born of absolute and wild desire. Le Chiffre was pushing him up against the table now so that he was almost sat back on it. Painfully hungry kisses, bites, sucks. Le Chiffre's mouth moving from his, to his jaw, his neck. The man's hands came up and found the top button on his shirt, but he didn't even bother to try and undo it, tugging hard instead so that the shirt came open and all the buttons scattered across the room. Jack was immediately, and painfully, hard. A groan escaped his lips - at that Le Chiffre pulled back and grinned that wolfish grin in appreciation.

"I missed that sound... after only three days of you..." He leaned back in and nipped at Jack's neck as his hands went lower and started to pull Jack's beach shorts down, sliding them over his hips. "...The things you do to me..."

"Fuck..." Jack groaned out as he let his head fall back, moved his hands to support himself against the table. How could he respond to that? Not with words, that was for sure at this point. He squeezed his eyes shut and tried to focus on keeping it together as Le Chiffre's hands worked him free of most of his clothes - his shorts gone but his shirt still hanging open but pushed down over his shoulders as the man's teeth moved to the flesh there. Le Chiffre's hands were everywhere - except his cock. And then they were gone altogether...

Jack was about to open his eyes to see what was going on when he heard a zip, the sound of trousers falling and then felt Le Chiffre's hard cock against his own and a strong hand wrap around them both. The other hand to his hip, holding him steady.

"Holy fuck!" Was all he could manage, squeezing his eyes even tighter as he tried to remain upright on legs that now felt like jelly. Le Chiffre leaned into him now, working their shafts together as his forehead rested on Jack's shoulder, brow sweaty.

Jack opened his eyes, let his lips find the side of Le Chiffre's face. He wobbled a little as he pulled his hands up from the table to grab the man's face and drag their lips together. It was a mess of teeth and tongues as neither could focus on the kiss with the pleasurable friction between them. In the end they just panted into each other's mouths - Jack's hands moving again to grip Le Chiffre's upper arms, still in dress shirt, muscles working beneath his hold.

"I'm gonna..." Jack breathed the words as he tried to hold back. Le Chiffre grunted an acknowledgement and squeezed tightly for a moment before moving his hand again, quicker, harder. Both men now sweating and panting and moaning. Until finally. Finally, Jack cried out and gripped harder onto Le Chiffre as he came. Holding on tight, knowing that otherwise he would crumble. A few more firm strokes and Le Chiffre let out a slightly anguished groan as he came too, his hand slowing but stroking them both through the come down.

Jack shuddered as his legs gave way, Le Chiffre not hesitating in grasping both his hips to steady him and then using the purchase to lift him onto the table. Lifting Jack, pushing him back onto the table and then moving himself over him took only a matter of moments. Le

Chiffre pressing their bodies and lips together, capturing their shared mess between their semi-naked bodies.

“That was... I...” Jack stuttered between kisses as he tried to catch his breath.

Le Chiffre broke away, looking down at Jack from his position propped on elbows either side of him, moving one hand to stroke through Jack’s curls. “I hope that would leave you in no doubt as to how I feel about you...”

He might have said more but then a door swung open, a server entered with a tray of food. Stopped dead, appraised the scene, smirked and walked back through the swing door into the kitchen. Jack erupted into a fit of laughter.

“I hope that at some point we might eat before either of us starve to death.” Le Chiffre grinned, shaking his head then lowering it to Jack’s shoulder in mock defeat.

“Feels like we’re destined never to dine together...” Jack replied with a laugh, his own hands now twisting up into Le Chiffre’s hair.

The sun had set. They had moved to the opulent bedroom to continue being reacquainted. Food had, eventually, featured - Le Chiffre having disappeared briefly to the kitchen and brought back a tray of snacks cannibalised from the dinner he had intended for them to share. A romantic dinner, he had told Jack with a cheeky grin.

Jack felt like a fool. But then, how could he have ever believed that a man that had known him less than a week would want more? Even if that was how he felt himself. And now. Here he lay, sated in every way, curled up against the man’s side as they both drifted on the edge of sleep. A sleep that had tried to claim them several times now but one or the other of them had found another burst of energy and the fun had started over again.

Even drained, Jack’s fingers played in Le Chiffre’s chest hair. Doubts returning, nagging at him that this was, clearly, all too good to be true.

“Le Chiffre?” Quiet, unsure if the man was really asleep or only dozing.

“Jack?” He could feel the man’s smile on the word. “I don’t think there is anything left in me to give you tonight...” a quiet and exhausted chuckle.

Jack returned the laughter lightly and then swallowed it, knowing he had to ask now or never have the nerve and worry until everything fell apart. “How dangerous are you?”

Le Chiffre opened his eyes at that and looked at Jack through the dim light. His face was serious but not angry or concerned. An expected question perhaps? “Reasonably so.” He replied coolly. “In order to protect my interests.”

“Which are?” Jack wanted to know everything now, things would be impossible between them if he didn’t. His palms sweated a little as he wondered how dangerous reasonably so actually was, and what his own limits of acceptability would be in order to keep this man. He was a little scared at how much he might accept.

“My finances, my jobs, my clients... you, if you will stay.” Le Chiffre could obviously see where this was going. He laced his fingers around Jack’s.

“I want to... I’m... scared.” Jack breathed out, total honesty.

“I would never hurt you...”

“No, that’s... I never thought you would.” A sigh. “I’m not going to pretend to be a good guy. I’ve done some shitty things, I’ve ripped people off, used people, stolen... I’m no stranger to criminal activity... but....”

“You have limits and you don’t know if mine are the same or beyond those.” Le Chiffre finished for him.

Jack nodded. “You seem... dangerous.”

Le Chiffre let out a low chuckle. “I am. I have people who work for me who are, and in turn I work for people who are. It goes with the business.”

“Which is?” He didn’t know if he was crossing a line by asking. Certainly Le Chiffre had been vague in offering any details so far.

Le Chiffre let out a sigh. “Everything?” He paused but didn’t wait for a response before continuing. “I have a mathematical mind, I made a lot of money on games of chance - poker and other such diversions, as they were at the time. But this skill, it got me noticed and it got me work. I have clients who make a profit as I make a profit, and take a cut of theirs.”

“By playing poker?” Jack asked almost hopefully.

“By profiteering. Distastefully.” Though it did not seem distasteful to Le Chiffre. “When the twin towers were attacked I was able to earn my clients large sums by short selling large quantities of airline stocks beforehand. This was based on a reliable tip... I did not know what they planned to do, only that there was a profit to be made.”

Jack held back the question - what would you have done if you had known? Because really, he wasn’t sure he wanted the answer to that.

“There have been similar schemes on different scales. I have a network of insider traders and... some less than savoury characters... who give me reliable information with which I can make arrangements. Play stocks, stack them in my favour.” Another long pause, Le Chiffre was stroking the back of his hand. “I tell you this so that you know and can decide. I won’t lie that I want you with me. I don’t know what it is between us but if I must give you up rather than explore it to the conclusion that I desire, I will do so for your sake. There are times when people are upset and things get... dangerous. Sometimes I am crossed by an informant and I must act cruelly in protection of my interests. You need to know this about me.”

Jack swallowed, almost wishing he hadn’t asked. “You do these things yourself?” As if it would be any better if he had henchmen carry out cruel acts for him.

A considered pause. "You should know I... I'm quite without mercy and for those who are obstinate, I... I have to torture. Sometimes to the edge of madness, until they have no hope whatsoever."

Fuck! A shiver ran through Jack. Part fear. But part something else. Lust? Desire? Something that made him slightly disgusted at himself. He had always liked danger, for himself - the thrill of getting away with stealing a car and selling it on. He'd never considered being attracted to the danger in someone else before. It was overwhelming and... terrifying. Could he let the lust he felt lead him into danger?

He must have been quiet too long because Le Chiffre spoke again, his arms sliding around him and pulling him close.

"You know everything about me now - in brief at least. Please, stay tonight and decide in the morning. Forget everything I have said and lay with me until the morning. And then, if you wish, you can return to land and I will not come after you." There was an edge of emotion in those words, they felt hard to push out but Jack believed Le Chiffre meant them. He knew he would never have to fear the man.

They both fell quiet then, Jack giving a silent surrender as he snuggled into Le Chiffre. Even so, he was sure the man didn't sleep any more than he did.

*

Jack must have eventually drifted off as he awoke to find the bed empty. A low light was coming through the windows, portholes? The sun was coming up. Jack sighed as it brought with it the memories of their last conversation. It was time to make up his mind. And really, what could he do? He could fall in love with this man, was falling in love with this man? But now he knew... everything. Almost everything.

He couldn't lie to himself that despite the confessions, the danger of Le Chiffre was attractive to him. But enough for him to forget? To condone? To collude? Could he live with himself knowing what Le Chiffre was doing?

He quietly moved from the bed, retrieved his clothes that lay in a pile on a chair by the wardrobe and put them on. Each movement slow and exacting, drawing out the inevitable.

Le Chiffre wasn't in the bedroom, or in the adjoining bathroom. Jack moved through the boat until he reached the deck, still no sign of the man. He wasn't sure how he felt about that. Maybe no small measure of relief - he could just leave and not have to say goodbye. Not have to risk that he might not be able to say goodbye, might not bring himself to leave.

He stopped short when he reached the ladder down to the little boat. Le Chiffre sat on the deck, dressed in a robe with dark bags under his eyes.

"Did you sleep at all?" Jack asked.

A small smile. "No... I've been thinking."

“The whole night?” He tried to keep it light and playful but they both knew why he was there.

“Yes.” the smile remained but seemed sad. “I wanted to... I had to think about...” He sighed. “What you have done to me Jack. So little I have known you... and so much at the same time. I feel like I have never known anyone as well as I know you, as I want to know you.” his voice was low, gravelled. It sent a shiver through Jack.

“I know what you mean.” He admitted, leaning against the railings next to Le Chiffre.

“I am in very deep, Jack. Even if I wanted to I could not get out overnight. Even if you wished me to...” Le Chiffre stole a glance up and the question of it met Jack’s eyes.

“I would...” Jack tried to keep the hope from his voice. Could he stay if Le Chiffre gave it all up, could he ignore the man’s past? Could he ask such a big thing of him or take it if it were offered? “I can’t... I was going to leave.”

Le Chiffre pulled himself up and stood so close to Jack that he wanted to crumble even though the man clearly held himself back so as not to make any physical contact at all. “We’ve known each other such a short amount of time. If... Perhaps had we known each other longer I could make this decision easily. I could work to give it all up so that I could keep you, if you would let me keep you.” A pause. “To promise such a thing after so short a time. I have thought about it all night, knowing that my business would be distasteful. And... I cannot.”

Jack nodded. “So... neither can I.” He agreed and felt the gulf between them despite Le Chiffre leaning in. A gentle, chaste, kiss.

“I’ll have someone take you ashore-” that last word trailed off as he gathered Jack into his arms and held him tight and close. He seemed to be breathing him in, savouring him. And Jack felt the same. Whether he would ever claim to believe in love at first sight seemed irrelevant - the fact was there was a spark, there was something. Whatever that something was it had been ignited in one meeting, nourished over three days and then left to ferment for the last two months until he thought it might consume him. Yes, he could possibly forget the past - he was loathe to admit - and how he so wanted to be able to ignore anything and everything else.

He pulled back from the kiss and looked at Le Chiffre - a deep sadness there that he knew was reflected in his own face.

“I’m sorry.” Jack muttered.

Le Chiffre gave a sad smile, cupped his face. “There is no need to be.” After a moment Le Chiffre dropped his hands and stepped away, walking with purpose - no doubt to find someone to take him back to the hotel.

Jack stayed at the railing, looking out over the almost still ocean, the sun rising and starting to heat the now warming breeze. He heard footfalls behind him and turned, surprised to see Le Chiffre returning alone with a determined look on his face.

"I... I can't let you go." He told Jack, though he stopped a few steps short of taking hold of him.

"I don't want you to... but... I can't..." Jack ached and every word hurt.

Le Chiffre nodded. "I will do it, I will leave the business. It will take some time, but if you would stay with me, give me the reason to quit. Be with me so I know I've made the right decision..."

"I can't ask you to do that. We hardly know each other. It would be dangerous..." Jack threw the man's own concerns back at him.

"You are not asking, I am offering." And now Le Chiffre moved forward, one hand slipping around Jack's waist and pulling him close. "I find myself... unconcerned for the consequences of loving you. I would beg you to stay." An edge of desperation in the voice made Jack stop breathing - Le Chiffre really did want to do this. Could he though? Could he really give it all up, even for someone he had known longer, loved better? Could he really turn his back on that life for Jack, to have Jack stay?

"How can I know you mean it? I trust you... I think... but what if you change your mind, not that I would blame you." Jack babbled, excited, terrified. Le Chiffre stopped his lips with a kiss, long and sweet.

When the man finally pulled back he moved his lips to Jack's ear and in a whisper he could barely hear over the rolling sea Le Chiffre told him "Names have power. You could destroy me with mine..." a hesitation, just a moment, just a heartbeat. "Jean Duran, that is my name."

Chapter End Notes

Le Chiffre, to my recollection, was never named in the books - but google/wiki tells me that he was given the name Jean Duran in the Quantum of Solace video game. I don't really know if that fits with him being Albanian (sounds more French to me) but in Casino Royale the movie he was believed to be Albanian so I'm sticking with that.

Ok, so I have this thing where I make bad guys good, kinda. Now this is not because I have a kink for redemption, it is purely because I can't see the pair getting together if the bad one remains bad because it would be OCC for the good(ish) character. Jack is a petty criminal, but I think he'd probably have issues with terrorism, so I've tried to tread a line between him being able to ignore Le Chiffre's past as long as it isn't his future.

Stay tuned to see where they go from here! and if Le Chiffre really does quit the business for Jack!

Montenegro - Year Three:

Chapter Summary

The events of Casino Royale retold as Jack and Le Chiffre plan to escape the life of crime - it won't be easy.

Chapter Notes

Not going to lie, I really struggled writing this chapter and had to leave it a day and go back through adding happy bits. It is quite difficult to find the line to tread with these two without changing the characters drastically. At the end of the day Le Chiffre is a villain so how do you keep Jack in love with him without too drastic a change for one or both characters? Anyway, I hope it works - I'm happy with it but there was only so much wiggle room I had with these guys.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Le Chiffre had been right in saying it would take a long time. So long that it was taking its toll on Jack and he had to keep reminding himself that eventually they would be out of this. Together and free.

In the meantime, Le Chiffre had bought a restaurant - a small concern in Copenhagen where Jack was holed up with Valenka - his cover and bodyguard. Safe. Kept separate. Le Chiffre would visit often and when he did it was... domestic. They would love and laugh and cook - joke that buying the restaurant was the only way to finally guarantee having a meal together.

In fact, in that respect, things had been good. Better than good. Jack had never been so happy in his life. The restaurant gave him focus. Knowing Jean always came back to him, even if he did worry when he was gone on business. He didn't get involved in anything Jean did and was told very little. He needed it to be that way. But that was a weight on him regardless, that he had to carry with him each long day.

He knew, for his sake, Jean was choosing jobs differently than he had in the past. And Jack could barely be high and mighty when he had his own criminal past, though it obviously paled in comparison.

In these years, they had learned more about each other - Jack's wanderings and wayward ways, an estranged family and many failed relationships. If sugar daddies and mamas could be called such. Jean, if he were to be asked would say he practically bared his soul to the boy. Perhaps he thought so, but in reality there was still so much he held back, occasionally letting

out here and there. Stories from a semi-troubled childhood, stories of his family and long dead friends - the only other people to have ever known his name, now all gone.

When Jean was in town his days were filled with love. Trips to Bellevue beach, kissing in the surf, reading in comfortable silence draped across Le Chiffre. Evenings often spent at a bar or in their restaurant. Sometimes they even cooked together for the customers, a sort of fun challenge that the head chef said nothing about but glared at them throughout. Le Chiffre gently pointing out that whilst they had no idea what they were doing, the customers had never sent their food back. This of course had earned a grunt from the chef and a “speak for yourself” from Jack who was effectively the sous chef and had no small talent for cooking.

Evenings were a bliss of nights out, or quiet nights in, both ending with their shared bed and the heat of each other.

Le Chiffre hadn't been idle in getting them out this situation the whole time either. There was money - laundered through the restaurant - going into an offshore, untraceable account. They had bags packed and ready to go. New identities, papers, official documents for when they did so. They were prepared, they just needed everything to align at the right time so that they could take off and not look back.

And this was it now, the end. It had to be - make or break. It couldn't come soon enough for Jack - for as good a life they had built, he was constantly worried about Jean's safety in a dangerous profession. Le Chiffre had a set-up planned that was to give them enough money to easily slip away and start over unknown. Le Chiffre had taken the money he was supposed to bank and instead invested it, along with money from other clients, in the aircraft manufacturer SkyFleet. Though SkyFleet's shares had been skyrocketing, he planned to short the company by purchasing put options. He ordered the destruction of the company's new prototype airliner, set to make its first flight out of Miami International Airport. Minimal risk, no one would be hurt - the plane just sitting there like a lame duck.

But it had not gone to plan. A British agent had foiled the attempt. The money was all lost. Jack had held Le Chiffre as he had trembled. Not cried, but let the heaviness of it all weigh on him whilst he was held. Jack loved that he was the only person Jean would and could fall apart in front of, but hated when he had to. Then Le Chiffre was back together and moving to the next plan, because it was a necessity to keep them safe at the least.

And so Jack found himself in a Montenegro hotel room as Le Chiffre made the final arrangements. He had fallen back on his skills - arranged a high stakes poker game that he intended to win. Money enough to return to his clients and for them to start over before they even knew the money had been lost and sought retribution.

This one last thing, then they will have the money to start over. It was a promise, made three years before and built on day by day.

“Can you really leave all this behind?” Jack had asked, so many times, knowing how his lover thrived on it all - the danger, the gamble, the risk. But any such queries had been met with gentle kisses.

“For you? Yes.”

The hotel was of course beautiful, though Jack would be spending most of the time in their suite, ready to run once they could. They had bodyguards with them but Le Chiffre - Jean, his Jean - wanted to take as few risks as possible. Leo would stay with Le Chiffre, Valenka with Jack. For now both were waiting in the lounge of the suite whilst Jack helped Le Chiffre dress. Black suit, black shirt, black tie - a combination neither of them tired of.

Jack looked at the bow tie and allowed a grin despite the nerves that he was trying to not let show. Bow tie always askew.

“I honestly don’t understand how you are so unable to tie a bow tie, especially considering how often you wear them! How did you manage before you had me to straighten them up?” Jack shook his head with a low chuckle.

Le Chiffre grinned. “Perhaps I just like you fussing over me and do it on purpose.” There was such confidence in his voice, even now, with so much at stake. He was convinced he would win the poker game - there was no player registered who could possibly match his skill. If anything he had been more confident in this than the gamble on the stocks - he knew poker, knew he could win and soon they would be free.

Jack fixed the tie, his fingers lingering on Jean’s collar before sliding down and grabbing Le Chiffre’s lapels, pulling him forward into a kiss. He brought his arms up around Jack and held him close even after the kiss ended.

“It will be over soon. We will be gone. This I am good at - it comes down to this game and I cannot lose.” There was no hesitation there, Jack had seen him play before, seen him win millions. He was the best, it was ridiculous to think anyone at the table could beat him, but Jack was going to worry anyway.

“I’ll feel better once it’s over.” They had come so close to leaving so many times, but the timing hadn’t been right or the money hadn’t been enough and/or accessible or their exit plan hadn’t been ready. There had always been an obstacle, but this was the best chance so far, even with the change in plans from the airline issue.

He kissed Le Chiffre again before pulling out of his arms. “Just go... do it.” He needed it to be over. It had been harder and harder living with Le Chiffre’s life - not just the things his business entailed but all the worry. Worried every time that Jean wouldn’t come back to their restaurant.

Le Chiffre left with Leo and Jack sat in the suite with Valenka. They got on well, they’d spent a lot of time together - she stayed at the restaurant watching over him and so they had grown to be friends when Jean was away. By the time Le Chiffre left the suite she had pulled out some garment bags to hang on the back of the door.

“I have had a look around the casino, I’d be happy for us to go over and watch the game - if you would like? It is a private room and Leo will also be there, along with the casino security. It might help to pass the time?” She smiled.

No one knew about their plans, of course. They couldn’t risk telling anyone, even Valenka. But she clearly knew that Jack worried, and like a good friend she tried to ease that worry.

She pulled out his dress suit and thrusts it into Jack's arms. He made a face and she laughed. He wasn't one for getting all dressed up – though it would allow him to wear the cufflinks Jean had gifted him so long before.

“They don't allow jeans and t-shirt, dragi.” She took another garment bag and headed into the other bedroom adjoining the suite.

When they arrived at the private bar the first hand was about to begin. Valenka earned looks in her stunning sunshine yellow, barely there, dress. Few eyes even noticed her run of the mill, suited and booted companion - just another guy in a tuxedo. They came close to the table, Valenka draping herself over the barrier between the bar and the players so as to draw the eye. The more she stood out, the more Jack faded into the background which suited both he and Le Chiffre well.

As the hand continued they retired to the bar to watch from afar and relax with a drink - Valenka's idea when she could see how far from relaxed Jack was. They waited there until there was a short break between hands, Le Chiffre moving to the bar for a few moments.

“The Englishman sat opposite me, he's the British agent, Bond.” Le Chiffre told them just above a whisper, his arm slipped around Valenka's waist - part of their cover in public. Let people think she, who was more than capable of looking after herself, was his lover. A cover to protect Jack from those who might want to harm anybody close to Le Chiffre.

“What does that mean?” He asked but his eyes were asking more - what does it mean for us? For our plans?

Le Chiffre slipped the hand from Valenka's waist to behind her, onto the bar to gently brush over Jack's hand, resting there a moment before returning to her waist. “It means that I will enjoy winning money from the British government.” That confident smirk. Jack returned it though the confidence was forced. The thought of government's being involved sent ice over his skin and he wondered, not for the first time, if he had made a mistake three years ago. Of course, then he would look at Jean and know he hadn't, but it was hard going.

“Go back to the hotel for now, it will be a long night. I may need you later.” This last spoken to Valenka, she nodded. If they were to take care of the agent in some way, he would rely on her for help - Leo was known to be his bodyguard, and he would never involve Jack - Valenka could move through and around the scene as part of the chorus.

Jack didn't risk another touch, but said “good luck.” in barely more than a gentle whisper as they passed Le Chiffre and left the room.

Once in the hotel suite, Jack retired to his and Le Chiffre's room to find a book. His attention only pulled from it when a knock at the door was answered by Valenka. After a moment there were raised voices and then a tumble of noises. Jack froze - they had talked about this sort of thing so many times but they had never had to confront it before. He could hear Valenka's raised voice -

“He's not here, he's at the casino...” Her voice was forced and she was clearly struggling, Jack moved silently across the bedroom so that no one would see him through the open door,

unless they entered the room. “A long way from Uganda!” She spat in her thick Bosnian accent. “What can I do for you, dragi.”

Dragi... darling... Her pet name for him and codeword in situations such as this. Her way of letting him know he was to hide. He lowered himself to the floor silently, thanks enough to the plush carpeting, and crawled under the bed. He listened as he heard the men order her to contact Le Chiffre and have him come back to the hotel suite.

“Dragi, it’s me... I need you in the hotel. You know how I need you darling... Yes, that is fine...” More codes and the phone call must have ended and she then said “They now have a one hour break in the game, so he is coming immediately.”

More hustling and bustling. He could hear her making little noises as she was manhandled but nothing that indicated she was in pain. If she were then he wasn’t sure he could stop himself going to help her, even though he knew that defeated the purpose - it was hard being friends with your bodyguard. He heard the balcony door open and then close and the noise stopped - they had taken her out there. He tensed, every muscle hurting as he wanted to make sure she was ok, wanted to warn Jean, but knew that what he had to do was stay under the bed.

It felt like an eternity before Le Chiffre returned from the casino. Jack heard the door open, the light switch on, footfalls to the balcony and the door open.

“So, what’s so damn important?” Jack knew his tone - concern more than anger - Valenka’s message had already warned him. If Jack had been with him they would have run instead, had Leo take care of things. But he knew Jack was there, and Jack knew he’d play along until he could be sure he was safe. And he hated that. He hated this life more with each passing moment.

He heard the wet smack of Valenka kissing him - another code, and one that had Jack feeling sick to his stomach. They had even joked about it in the past - a kiss between lovers looks nothing suspicious, but really she is giving her opinion that this situation could prove fatal. Of course, it was her job to ensure that her employers were safe even if it meant her own death. So they had joked it was the kiss of death. How very funny it had seemed in the restaurant bar on more than one drunken night.

They wouldn’t look for Jack, he knew, Valenka had done her job well. She was his protector, his cover, they had no idea he existed. But she needed to ensure it remained that way, and from the kiss, it was clear that she knew these men meant business. She would have studied them previously, her and Leo studied everyone Le Chiffre had dealings with - it was a backbiting business as they well knew.

“I’m sorry.” And then she gasped.

Jack heard Jean cry out as he was grabbed.

“Where is my money?” Anger - justified perhaps. “Do you think you can lose that kind of money and no one would notice?”

“Your money is safe.” A noise then as Le Chiffre was thrown to the floor, but his voice was clearer now, as though he had been strangled before and now released. “You’ll have it tomorrow. All of it.”

And then the zing of a bladed weapon being unsheathed and Jack clapped his hands over his mouth to stop himself from crying out. Why, why were they doing this? They should have run already. Though he knew they couldn’t - unless they had the money to cover their tracks they would be dead within months. Getting the money takes time. Three years of imagining the worst every time Jean was on business wondering if he would come back. And that was on the above board deals, not the dodgy ones - the many clients he had quietly skimmed from in the past. Building up their running money as much as possible in what were, contextually, tiny increments that no one missed from their investments. The SkyFleet venture had been the big risk - there would have been a big payout and they would have skimmed enough to run. The same now true of this poker game. And Jack wondered why Jean never seemed to understand why his wonderful, happy-go-lucky, Jack had seemed more a bundle of nerves with every day that had passed over the years.

“I would take a hand for this betrayal” Thick Ugandan accent. “but you need it to play cards” A pause. “Hold out your arm. Hold out your arm, my beauty... or I will take your head.”

He heard Valenka gasp, and likely she was indeed scared rather than play acting, and yet Jack - sickeningly - knew that she would give up her arm as requested. Whatever she need do to keep him safe. Then loud cries from her and Jack wondered where Leo was - why wasn’t he with Jean? Could his presence have turned the tables?

A scream and then silence. He could hear Valenka panting but no cries of pain.

“Not a word of protest. You should find a new boyfriend.”

And then the door opened. There was silence again for a moment and finally Valenka - cool and collected - spoke. “Bedroom.”

And then Jean was through the door and in the room. “Jack...”

“H-here...” He was shaking as he tried to crawl back out from under the bed. Managing well enough that Le Chiffre could pull him the rest of the way out, sinking to the ground next to him. Jean looked tousled and in pain and Jack wanted to comfort him but he couldn’t move, he just curled up and Jean pulled him into his lap - rocking him. He wasn’t sure how much time passed before Valenka appeared next to them -

“Dragi...” her hand smoothing the side of his cheek. “All is clear” - to Le Chiffre.

He must have nodded to her because then she was gone again and the door closed. Jean pulled him up onto the bed and cradled him in his arms.

“Please Jean, please. Let’s just run...” Jack muttered quietly, silent tears rolling. Fear? Relief? Likely both and a whole lot more besides.

“We can’t Jack. I’m sorry. I... I should never have...” They had had this same argument so many times.

“Shut up.” Jack snapped. He couldn’t hear yet again, Jean telling him that he should have left him in Spain. Loved him enough not to put him through all this, knowing how hard it would be for him. How hard it would be for him to love Le Chiffre.

Jean obviously decided, wisely, to skip it this time. “We have to see this through. We need this money...”

Jack nodded. Again, it had been discussed a hundred times or more. Enough money to buy somewhere outright, cover their tracks, maintain their fake identities. So many little things Le Chiffre had thought of that Jack wouldn’t have even known to consider - down to the smallest detail so that they could start a new life and never be found. Because this wasn’t the sort of business you could leave.

“And we’re so close darling.” He kissed Jack’s temple. “Bond thinks he knows my tell, I can use that against him - we’re so close. He thinks he knows when I am bluffing.”

Jack nodded, ignoring the hint of enjoyment in Jean’s voice. Knowing the man was, not so secretly, excited about the whole thing. Sometimes he really did wonder how Jean would leave all this behind. What would he replace the danger and exhilaration with? Jack knew it wasn’t something that would bother him - the rush of stealing cars held absolutely no sway with him now, not after these years of fear and worry. He wanted to be done with crime for good. He wanted to be safe and in love and have the life he wished they could have had from the first time they met.

By the time Leo got to the suite the Ugandans were gone... and then they turned up dead in the trunk of his car. He had not made it to the room with Le Chiffre because of a security issue when leaving the casino and now he was being taken into custody – the presumed killer of the men in his car. It was a blow to them all.

“Bond.” Le Chiffre growled at Jack and Valenka.

“I should come with you to the casino.” Valenka told Le Chiffre.

“You’ll both come.” He turned to Jack “It will be safer. I have need of Valenka.”

Fresh suits, a fresh black satin dress as revealing as the last, a new hand of cards. Jack and Valenka watched from the bar, Jack steadying himself against the bar counter - a bag of nerves. He had never personally come this close to all of this before. The only reason he was here on this trip was because they intended to run immediately after the money was deposited. Would he have been able to continue ignoring this side of Jean had he come to these things? So far they had been threatened, people had died, Leo arrested.

They watched as Jean out bluffed Bond. That wolfish grin that made Jack smile for a heartbeat before he remembered their situation.

“Bond is out, this is good.” Valenka said quietly and smiled reassuringly. Jack nodded in response.

A break between hands and Le Chiffre was straight to them at the bar, his hand going around Valenka’s waist but his smile all for Jack. He returned it, though a little lacklustre - exhausted from the anxiety.

An hour later and the break was up. Jack’s heart sank when he saw Bond had bought back into the game. If Le Chiffre was rattled he didn’t show it - cool amusement there instead. Valenka cursed under her breath. She may not know what was at stake for he and Le Chiffre, but she knew they were in danger unless Le Chiffre won the money and Bond was his greatest opponent. With him gone Le Chiffre would have won in short order, but now he was back – an irritant to them all.

The game continued and Jean folded a hand. Jack felt nerves and bile rising within him. Valenka watched the table and pulled a small vial from her purse.

“What-?”

She silenced Jack with a look and waited. It seemed a short time before Bond’s drink order was there on the bar and she quickly poured the contents into Bond’s glass and waited. Jack watched her intently the whole time – unsure what to say or do.

“It is what I have been ordered to do - Bond must be taken out.” She told him quietly and he knew Jean had given this order should Bond buy back in. He wished he didn’t know.

How much of his life with Jean was wishing he didn’t know? He should regret it but he couldn’t. He wanted to be able to say that it was too much and he would leave, but he knew he would never leave Jean. He knew it from the moment they met - the reason he had been so hesitant when he had thought Jean had wanted him in a different way, a temporary way. That would have broken his heart. Leaving Jean now would break his heart. So instead his heart was slowly dying as each new day brought more danger, more death. He watched silently as Bond left the room, a slight stumble just noticeable to those who cared to see it.

One by one the players bow out of this hand - Le Chiffre collecting their money. Jack started to feel lighter. He pushed thoughts of the agent from his mind - should he try and justify it by thinking that he would always be in danger in that job, part of the risk assumed?

But then Bond returned.

Valenka gripped the bar with a hiss and Jack’s heart dropped. He hadn’t wished the man dead, he didn’t wish anyone dead, but he was an obstacle between the reality of the now and the new life he and Jean had planned.

The final hand - just Le Chiffre, Bond and two other players. It’s called. Le Chiffre reveals his hand and dared shoot a smug look to Jack and Valenka.

“He has it.” Valenka almost hisses in a whisper. Jack held back the whimper he felt in his chest - fear? excitement?

And then Bond revealed his hand. The blood drained from Jean's face, and then he was on his feet. He didn't need to cast a look back for them to follow, Valenka had immediately guided Jack with a hand in the small of his back.

"What now?" Jack asked as they caught up with Le Chiffre. He was ignored. Not coldly - Jean was clearly thinking, considering options. Minutes later and they were out of the casino, walking briskly to the hotel.

"We're dead." Jean muttered.

"There must be other options..." Before Jack could continue a man fell into step beside them - American, black, one of the other players. Valenka and Le Chiffre exchanged quick looks, Jean giving an almost imperceptible shake of his head causing her to slow her walk, falling behind them but not taking any action.

"Monsieur Le Chiffre. Felix Leiter, CIA." He moved himself in front of Le Chiffre and stopped, causing the three of them to halt. Two, Jack quickly realised. With a quick glance, and a slight look of regret, Valenka peeled off and was lost in the crowd. Le Chiffre looked at Jack, pained that he is still there. Again planned - if ever they were apprehended it would be every person for themselves. They would never see Valenka again now, she would find another job, another mark to protect. None of them were meant to risk themselves for each other when it came to the authorities. And yet Jack stood there. No matter how many times they had discussed this, no matter how many times he had agreed he would leave Le Chiffre to his fate if ever picked up - he stayed. Because he wasn't going to leave Le Chiffre now. After three years of waiting for them to be together freely, he wasn't going to let them be separated.

"Can I ask what this is about?" Le Chiffre gave a polite smile and they realised they were surrounded.

*

The suite they are taken to is massive. A couple more CIA agents and half the room was set up as some sort of headquarters. No one restrained them in any way, but it was clear they couldn't leave and wouldn't get far if they tried. At least six agents around them now, they were both pushed to sit on the sofa in the suite, Leiter sitting opposite them in an armchair.

"And this is...?" The agent asked. He had not asked in the street, presumably not to draw attention with prolonged conversation. Instead Jack had been brought along regardless, they probably quickly realised he wasn't a bodyguard or henchman of some sort.

"This is my partner." Le Chiffre answered coolly.

"Business partner?" Leiter asked, his face betraying some confusion. Understandably, even in a suit Jack didn't seem like any kind of professional - a boyish look that would clearly better suit jeans and a t-shirt. The exact opposite of the polished Le Chiffre.

"My lover." Jean corrected, completely deadpan, moving his hand to Jack's knee.

If the situation hadn't been so serious, it might have been comical. Jack might even have laughed. Instead he could feel himself trembling all the more under Le Chiffre's hand. Were they safe now? What was happening? Would they go to prison? Would they be kept apart? Jack was shaking.

Leiter signalled someone and Jack had a glass of water put in his hands. Leiter stood and was talking in hushed tones with another agent.

Le Chiffre leaned in close to him, still as cool as a cucumber, and his hand still on his knee. "As it happens, this is the other option you were asking about."

"What will happen to us now?" Jack couldn't keep the tremor of fear from his voice. "Will we be allowed to stay together?"

A smile, that warm smile just for him. "We have the upper hand - they need me more than I need them. Now negotiations begin."

Food was brought in - just a few sandwiches and snacks - Jack was given a plate and lead into the bedroom of the suite. Pretty much directed to the bed and then left, all but for one burly man standing at the doorway. He sat on the bed and ate, and then curled up - allowing exhaustion to take him under.

When he woke, Le Chiffre was sitting next to him, the man still at the door.

"Darling. I have to go. Mr Leiter will take care of you until I come back."

"What? No." He sat up and immediately fell into Le Chiffre's arms. "Don't... we can't split up. I can't... I can't have gone through all of this and then lose you."

"You won't lose me." A hand went up into Jack's hair, fisting the curls. "I have to earn our keep." A little touch of humour.

"I don't understand." Jack admitted.

"It's simple. I am a better gambler than our friend Leiter." A grin. Jack lightened at the sight of it. He laid kisses in Jack's hair. "During our negotiations it became clear that I am quite desired, for my information, by both the Americans and the British. I have used that to our advantage. In return for one small - let's call it a mission - now, and a debriefing when we arrive in America. I give them everything they will give us new identities in the U.S."

Jack smiled, relieved to some extent. A little anxious. He didn't have many people in his life, not much in the way of family, and when he and Le Chiffre would have started over he would have lost them then anyway. New life with Jean, that had been the goal, and now it was within reach so he had to be happy. He was happy. Except -

"What mission?"

*

When Le Chiffre had been taken away for the ‘mission’ they had moved Jack. The airport, or a private airport, he wasn’t sure. A secure and comfortable, if basic waiting room, though it might as well be a cell. They had collected their bags from the hotel and Jack showered, changed back into jeans and t-shirt, sat on the Ikea sofa and read. Read the same page over and over, not taking any of it in.

Le Chiffre had finally returned, a few cuts and scrapes. He had been allowed a shower and fresh clothes - his own - before being reunited with Jack, bag in hand.

“They had me in another room, I made clear that we were to stay together, so they brought me here.” He smiled and pulled Jack to him, kissing him deeply.

“You’re hurt... what did you have to do?”

“Something immensely satisfying.” Jean grinned, his hand waving away concern over his injuries. He explained how they set up a sting - he captured Bond, tortured the man – though that had been a pleasant and unplanned extra. Until Mr White turned up - the man Le Chiffre had known as Mr White. He was in custody now and that was just the tip of the iceberg of what Le Chiffre could offer the CIA.

Jack was no longer trembling, it felt like there was light at the end of the tunnel. He had been staring down that tunnel for three years feeling like he was losing himself a bit by bit the whole while. He clung to Jean, wanting to melt into the man that he had deemed worth all this trouble after three days of knowing him.

In the morning they were on a private jet. Over several weeks Jean was debriefed, they stayed in a safe house. Arrangements were made.

“So strange. I know we had already chosen names for our new life... but to be assigned them now. Not to be who we were.” Le Chiffre had mused as they studied their new documents, passports. His now read Jakob Leka. Jack’s read Daniel Walker.

“We’ll always be who we were... kinda.” Jack, no, Daniel, answered - moving behind Jakob and wrapping his hands around his waist. “Besides, no matter what the paperwork says, I still know your name.”

The man that was once Le Chiffre, smiled. So much weight in a name, so much power. He was glad that only one man in the world held that power over him.

Chapter End Notes

Just had to get in there the tie being wonky... because Mads and his wonky bow ties!!
:D

Valenka’s nationality is not known in the film so I have made her Yugoslavian/Bosnian - the same as the actress.

I've sort of fudged the end a bit because to be quite honest, as much as I like Casino Royale, it's always confused me as to who really was in leagues with Le Chiffre - Matthis, Lynd? Who the hell knows. So as Lynd mentions that she got a text from Matthis to say the American (Felix) have picked up Le Chiffre and will be extracting him at dawn, I've gone with that being accurate - no double crossing Bond. So I guess in that way it is more canon-divergent than intended, but it was the only way to do it without getting bogged down in the details of the movie when they aren't entirely clear.

I chose the name Jakob for Le Chiffre because Mads has played a lot of characters called Jakob!

Pittsburgh - Year Four: Epilogue

Chapter Summary

A new life for our boys, the eventual happy ending.

Chapter Notes

Just a short epilogue to round this off and give a jumping point for where things might go next when I have the chance to write more for this pair of crims!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Jack - Daniel - had never been to Pittsburgh before, though he had heard interesting things. It was some of those interesting things that had, amusingly, been the reason behind the CIA settling them there. The theory was that it would be a perfect place for two male lovers to blend in. Not as busy or obvious as San Francisco. In truth Daniel - Danny - found it hilarious. Though not quite as hilarious as the look on Jean's - Jakob's - face when he explained to him what the CIA were getting at. The truth was, they had no idea what to do with a couple composed of two men beyond knowing they probably shouldn't be relocated to the Bible Belt or the Deep South. Danny was pretty sure that their handler just googled gay places to live.

They were set up in a small bistro with a well-appointed and rather lovely apartment above. A few blocks from Pittsburgh's Liberty Avenue - close enough to the gay epicentre of the city without overwhelming them in it.

Daniel did the cooking, Jakob managed the business and finances - a kitchen hand and couple of front of house staff that they took on rounded it out. French food. Danny mused that perhaps Jakob, all those years ago, had been right about American cuisine. He didn't need to say it though because the grin Jakob gave when Danny suggested French cuisine for the bistro was quite enough.

Were they happy? Yes, strangely they were. Jakob seemed restless sometimes, usually burning it off by going to casinos - playing worse than he could and deliberately losing any money he had made before the end of the night to not draw attention. A game in itself, which amused him.

Danny occupied himself with the bistro as he had with their restaurant. Some evenings he dragged Jakob to clubs that his lover maintained he didn't like, and yet was happy enough for Danny to grind up against him to the music.

They were relaxed, no need to look over their shoulder. Days spent working together, more evenings than could be imagined, spent fucking. It was the first time either of them could claim anything near to a normal.

They had a future. They kept their heads down, went unnoticed and ordinary. And yet, on occasion, Danny had to shoot a warning look at Jakob when he would hear someone address Danny as Mr Walker, and let out a low chuckle. The look would turn the chuckle to a laugh. The man once called Le Chiffre would look forward to being later admonished in private - the promise of that shone in his lover's returned, and equally devilish grin.

And in private they would use each of their names over again - Le Chiffre delighting in each time his lover's mouth curved around the sound of each word - Jakob, Le Chiffre, on occasion an amused Mr Number, but always with tender devotion one name whispered - Jean.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you all for reading, and thanks so much to everyone for the kudos and the lovely comments here and on tumblr. So glad you've enjoyed this pairing - it has been fun to write :D

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!